

"Glorianna Sinclair, an orphan," she read out, "quite unusual in appearance and character, of good birth; refined in manners, a talented dancer. Mother was on the stage, father disinherited."

Manual
valuation
Full of
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saved,
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Intimate Little Tales

SOME EXPERIENCES OF HUMAN INTEREST UNDER-
GONE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE BY EVERY-DAY PEOPLE

ELSPETH

A LONELY WOMAN WHO
CROCHETED—AN OLD
SWEETHEART—AN HAPPY
EVER AFTER.

It was a late September afternoon and it was just five o'clock, that hour when most business offices are in a little flurry as their clerks are preparing to leave. In the quiet streets begin to be filled with a multitude of pedestrians hurrying to their homes. Miss Tripp looked out of her high window and sighed as she carefully laid down the piece of delicate crocheting upon which she was engaged. Five o'clock it was at this hour, every day, that she laid down her work and put her little kettle on to partake of a fragrant meal. The sense of her loneliness struck her more tragically and forcibly than on other days because today she was thirty-five. Thirty-five, and for the last five years she had been alone, and it seemed to her in her despondent frame of mind that she would never be alone, that she was of no use to anyone in the whole wide world.

Elspeth Tripp belonged to a past generation, and her ideals, as she talked out could imagine Jane Austen weaving a wonderful romance about her; she was fragile and old like a piece of china, but also, the pressure of a wonderful loneliness drove her to her value to the same extent as she realized the loneliness of old and priceless china. She had been left at an early age to mother ten growing children, and she did not know the usual romance and joys of youth, she was a mother ministering to the rest. She sat and looked out of the window and longed to see a man on the street with his numberless passers-by and realized how she was alone in the crowd, alone with her thoughts. Her ideals grew from brooding and from reading old and almost forgotten romance of past generations. She had had a lover and her eyes misted as she remembered his handsome face and his gentle kindly manner, but like all other good things of life, she thought, somewhat bitterly, she had allowed him to go from her. She had been too busy with her many household cares to respond to his quiet love-making and she reserved to let him see that she cared, and another had stepped in, and then was a man on her face so she never gave heed to his quiet love-making while her heart was breaking.

"Phew!" she thought, as she went about her preparations for making her simple meal, "I must be getting old, it's all over and done with! I wonder what kind of a wife Lela made him, she must have been everything else but Richard and she did love him, so I suppose she got the happiness which I missed."

The little room in which Elspeth was living was painfully neat, every thing in the small space was arranged with a view to the cleanest and the cleanliness of every corner spoke of the years of her experience. In her mind she had the love of order which was in Elspeth's heart. She lifted the mirror curtain which was over the board containing her few supplies and then exclaimed:

"No sugar, well I could bear that any other night but this, I'll not get some. I must have it in my tea on my birthday," and she laughed a rather nervous laugh, as she donned her hat and took her gloves to rally down to the corner store.

She walked slowly along, she had plenty of time she thought, she always had plenty of time now. How thankful had these children for whom she had given up her youth. Still, she knew that had she the time over again she would do the same thing. They were all settled comfortably and rarely gave a thought to the maiden sister who had worked so hard for them in their childhood. And there would never be a parcel of some kind for her in a few days. They never remembered the exact date of her birthday, but that would be all. Still she knew she would never have wanted to live with any of them if they had offered her a home, but she would have been a content heart just to think that they cared and that they wanted her. And why should they? They were all married, that they had homes, husbands, wives and children of their own.

It was getting dim, the time had passed very quickly and she had not felt like hurrying, and she could scarcely believe her ears when she heard a voice which had once thrilled her:

"Richard!"

There they stood on the sidewalk, and she was now and then deserted except for an occasional passerby who crossed curiously at the astonished woman with the fish on her usually pale face, and the tall, dark man who stood with hands outstretched as he repeated over again:

"Elspeth!"

After fifteen years, it was thus they met on her birthday.

Elspeth Tripp at last gained her presence of mind sufficiently to say:

"How is Lela, Richard?"

"Lela died eight years ago," wrote but you never answered and then someone said they thought you had married and I didn't return to the old home."

"Married, met?" Elspeth laughed, but it was a happier laugh, even though her eyes were filled with tears as she realized the changes so strange and often unexpected which life brings.

"So you are not married?" Where are you living and what are you doing?"

"I am living in this town, in one little bedroom. I do crocheting for my living and this is my birthday," she added rather shyly, "I was just going to the store to get some sugar for my tea."

Richard Harding, astute and prosperous, and of her tendency. He saw nothing odd in her prim, proper ways of speech, and as for her old-fashioned clothes, Elspeth told him once to him all there was of romance in the world, and although she looked now a little workworn, and weary, she was still his ideal. He grasped at once the tragedy of her existence and his heart was indignant.

"Ships That Pass"

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stant at the treatment meted to her by fate.

"Well, now," he said, "you are going to have your birthday party with me, then we will talk and if I have my way Elspeth, you are not going to hide away from me any more."

"But I am not dressed, I must choose my gown," she exclaimed, "and there is still my kettle on the stove."

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SOME HINTS TO THE MAN WHO SELLS

This Miniature House Helps

A point dealer has in his office a little house which is made of interchangeable parts. The roof, for instance, is black and the side walls and porches are of some contrasting color. If he wishes to show the customer the effect of different shades, he simply exchanges some of the parts of this house for other parts of different shades.

He says it has helped him in many ways. He has been able to show customers how they could have colored so easily. The expense of the customer is not great and it paid for itself in a short time.

Taking Five Orders at Once

In order that it may retain the family business from the time the baby's first portrait is made until the time for the child to enter school—the years when the greatest number of portraits are made—Bunnell's of Los Angeles has a plan that saves salesmanship expense and gets a maximum of return per picture.

Watching the birth notices, this studio solicits an order for making a portrait of the child on his first birthday. The mother is advised that if she will have an annual portrait made, at about the baby's anniversary, she will be presented with a panel free containing the five portraits for the five years.

This means taking an order for five years' work at one time, and a sure follow-up work is required to remind the mother of the portrait as the anniversary of the baby's birthday approaches.

How to Convince on Ideas

"The importance of talking an amount was first illustrated to me, and rather vividly, in book selling," says an insurance executive who was more than usually successful in the days when he was selling books of the kind that are offered in four bindings, ranging in price from \$6 down to \$2.50.

The books, the kind I carry, and the fourth, which had been issued later, by an extra panel that I carried in my pocket. I used to show the most expensive binding first, but if the sale was not made, soon showed the others. This diverted the prospect's attention from the essential

matter of the book to the comparatively unimportant one of his price. And it half conceded—that was not the fact—that the cheaper ones were better bargains.

A "Live" Display Window

One block in New York City is given over entirely to automobile display windows. The windows are spacious and the machines beautiful, but there is a certain monotony even when the display of wheels, and luxurious palms. Later, however, one window in that row has succeeded in interesting large crowds that otherwise would not have entered the preservative portals for a demonstration.

In the background of the window is a brand new garage. In the foreground, a father is demonstrating the features of his new car to his wife and their small son. The wife is in her morning dress without a hat, but she climbs into the car so that her husband may show her how the engine starts, how the gear work, and so on.

The little girl calls attention to the excellence of the finish by her springing. The small boy is down on the cushions to "show" the mirrors inside, and jumps up, most interested in the engine and mechanical details.

Imagination and human interest do the rest of the sales talk. The sales from this display have increased tremendously, for the dealer has given individuality to his window.

A. MURPHY.

Diplomatic Tears

A little girl who has been sent out to buy a pennyworth of soap had the misfortune to fall and break the jug. She arrived home crying pitifully.

"What's the matter?" inquired her mother.

"I fell and broke the jug," answered the little girl.

"You must have been crying like that all the way home."

"No," the little girl answered, "I started at the bottom of the stairs."

A Close Family

New Footman—"In my last place I always took things fairly easy."

Butler—"Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up."

Drawn by NELL BRINKLEY

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The PERSONAL SIDE

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES—PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

MR. TOM HOURIE

(Second Article)

MORE ABOUT SWIMMING THE RIVER—GENERAL MIDDELTON AND TOM AT BATOCHE—DEATH OF CAPTAIN FRENCH—TOM UNMASKS THE ENEMY FLITS.

In my last article I said I would tell a plain story, and leave the reader to use his own imagination in regard to Tom Hourie's feat in swimming the Saskatchewan when the ice was running. I think this heroic incident should not be dismissed with a mere bald statement of facts, so I venture to read to picture young Hourie as he reined up on the bank and saw that quarter or half mile of rushing river, with its great cakes of ice crashing and grinding their way down. He was not a swimmer, and he must have been no problem at all. He could have swum across on his horse, or behind the animal and let the horse tow him by its tail. But ice-cold water with all that many of them weighing tons, the prospect might well appal the stoutest heart. He tried to maintain a foothold on the ice and was plunged into the river. Now, imagine him drenched to the skin, and perished with cold, taking a second look at that river. 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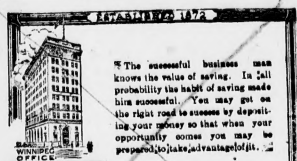
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1930

When the farmer's boy gets along to the age of 14 years and has put in the summer doing a man's work on the farm he has the natural hesitancy about going back to school with the kids.

There is no doubt but that he should go back and the time will probably come when he'll be sorry if he does not. However, that is no argument at all when it comes to convincing a 14 year old boy with a summer's wages in his pocket and the memory of certain man's responsibilities fresh in mind, that he should start right on "reading, writing and 'rithmetic'" - with or without the hickory stick.

About the most effective way to give the boy a chance to see things right is for him to and his dad to sit down together and talk things over. If the talk is carried on right, the boy will soon see that if he is going to get anywhere, he needs all the education he can get, regardless of whether he intends being a doctor, lawyer, merchant or farmer.

If the boy will pick out the point he would like to reach and then mentally go over the steps necessary to get there, he will find that education will supply a large amount of both the power and lubrication necessary for him to get there.

This is the suggestion of the Thresherman and it is good that dad should talk with the boy, and we would suggest that dad back up his argument by sending the boy to the Gleichen School of Agriculture for a couple of winters. Here he would be with fellows like himself and absorb the three "R's" while getting practical experience. Every farmer should visit this institution and see the interest the boys take in their studies. The best evidence of their interest is that they hang about town very little and after hours most of them spend their time about the school; which also speaks well for the teaching staff.

The solidity and adaptability of the Canadian banking system receives fresh illustration if compared with the condition in which banking institutions in the states across the border find themselves in these days of deflation and falling prices. Although the United States is today the richest country in the world and has a greater supply of gold than any other nation, that happy condition has not secured immunity from bank failures, as a score or more of such occurrences in one state, and sporadic instances in several others, bear witness. The value of the branch system of banking, as it exists in Canada, is a tradition to the unit system across the border, where the failures have taken place, has been again demonstrated, and the advocates of the local bank and unit system, who have been urging from time to time in recent years in some of the western provinces the establishment of such a system, will now find it difficult to persuade their fellow-countrymen that the inauguration of unit banking would bring about financial millennium, states a prominent banker.

Men in business many years ago learned the value of politeness. Patronage depends in such large measure upon satisfied customers that those who very building up a trade felt the necessity for going out of their way in a small or great way many times in order to produce the proper relationship between the store and its patrons. And while in public life the need for politeness is essential, private life is by no means relieved of this responsibility. The making and holding of friends in a large measure due to the art of treating folks in a friendly manner. It is impossible to have friends and not be friendly. Politeness is friendliness exemplified in a definite, personal manner. Without this element life doesn't hold so many desirable things. With this element life is sweeter both for the man or woman and for those who come within their circle of acquaintances. For politeness pays in many ways not always in financial considerations, but in the more ennobling things which go to make up a successful enterprise.

Quite a number of our exchanges have reprinted The Call's report of the annual meeting of the Gleichen Board of Trade in an effort to get their respective towns to form similar boards. This is certainly paying our Board of Trade a very nice compliment, and should encourage the members to even greater activity for there is much that should be done this year for our town and district.



THE Ford Truck gives retail merchants a great opportunity for business growth. It widens their trading area.

It means motor transportation at low cost - low first cost, low operating cost.

A small outlay will motorize your deliveries and open to you the opportunity for business expansion.

We give you quick and satisfactory Ford Service. Consult us as to the type of body which will best suit your needs.

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WEATHER REPORT

Taken at the Gleichen School of Agriculture.

Date	Temp.	Humid.	Wind	Dir.
Jan. 12	29.5	34.0	4.0	13
13	17.8	33.5	15.0	14
14	16.5	31.5	15.0	15
15	9.0	43.0	2.5	16
16	4.0	12.5	5.0	17
17	6.5	1.8	11.5	18
18	13.0	15.0	6.1	19
19	15.0	15.0	6.1	20
21	15.0	15.0	6.1	21

N.B. - Maximum and Minimum reading and precipitation are for 24 hours ending 5:45 a.m. of the date against which they appear.

One more we must warn advertiser changes for ads must reach this office not later than Monday noon. We cannot do all our work in one day a week.

Feb. 18 - Confronted Dances for Board of Trade Room.

The Mattress

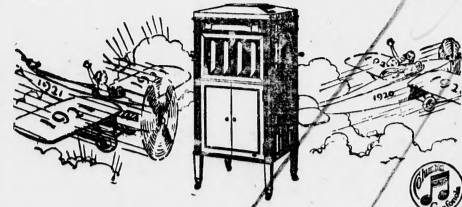
on which you sleep should be soft and comfortable yet have that quality of resilience and elasticity which helps to keep it in shape.

MATRESS

we offer are most carefully made of the best materials and sure to give you years of satisfactory service. Ask more about them.



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PHONE 137



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You can fill your long winter evenings with fun if you have a Columbia Gramophone. You can dance or listen to the latest popular song hits. You can hear great opera singers and famous instrumentalists. Call and let us show you this beautiful instrument.

For shorter winter nights, for fun and frolics and rollicking dances, get a Columbia Gramophone and make your selection of Columbia Records:

Avonlon from "Sahara" Al Johnson, Comedian.	Love's Garden of Roses, Baritone Solo.
"Orch. Accorn" and Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me? Tenor Solo, Easy Burt, Orch. Accorn.	Orch. Accorn, and Rose in the Bud, Baritone Solo, Lonnie Grover, Orch. Accorn.
Whispering, Fox Trot, and It's a Wonderful World, Easy Burt, Orch. Accorn.	Still I'll Remember When You Forget, Tenor Solo, Henry Burr, Orch. Accorn.
Laughing Lightly, Contralto Solo, and I Need Thee Every Hour, Contralto Solo, Cyrena Van Gordon, Orch. Accorn.	When You're Gone I Won't Forget, Male Quartet, Shannon Four, Orch. Accorn.
	A Dream, Tenor Solo, Charles Hackett, Orch. Accorn.

WM. G. S. GOURLAY

Columbia Agent, - - - Gleichen, Alberta

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